The Ottawa Free Trader.

Published Every Saturday Morning

At Nos. 810 and 812 La Salle Street,

(Colwell-Sherwood Block.)

WM. OSMAN & SONS, Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

In advance, per annum $1.50
If not paid till end of three months 1.75
not paid till end of six months 2.00
These terms will be strictly adhered to.

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Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Illinois, as Second Class Mail Matter.

Ottawa, Ill., February 4, 1888.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF LOUIE.

Son of Ward B. Keely, of Ransom, Ill., who died January 7, 1888.

Little Louie has departed,
He has only gone before,
And has left this world of sorrow
For that bright and happy shore.

Oh, how much they miss their darling,
With a yearning none can tell.
His father is sighing wearily,
For he loved his boy so well.

His mother fond doth weep alone,
In her child's deserted room;
His brother and sisters linger pensively
In the twilight's deep'ning gloom.

If it were not for you, dear sister,
And the tears I know you shed
When your darling boy had vanished
And was numbered with the dead,

Then I would hail with joy the verdict
Which the unwilling doctor gave,
And with contrite heart would wish him
Home in heaven, beyond the grave.—

For we know the blessed Savior
Claimed our jewel for his own,
To keep and to protect him;
Near him in his heavenly home.

What is life that we should prize it?
Life at most is but a day,
One short day of preparation
Ere we are hurried hence away.

Wherefore grieve for his departure
From its tenement of clay?
His pure soul is wafted heavenward,
Angels bearing it away.

Now in robes of snowy whiteness,
All unspotted, ever pure,
Singing on through endless ages,
Long as heaven itself endure,—

Ever praising his Redeemer,
Who has cleansed him in his blood,
His hosannas loudly ringing
Through all ages to his God.

Now beside dear grandpa and grandma
They laid their Louie down to rest,
Put up in Eden's bowery garden
They are roaming with the blest.

Soon beyond the mystic river,
Where the crystal waters flow,
You will meet your household angel,
Far away from all life's woe.

'Round the great white throne in heaven,
Where the ransomed millions dwell,
You will meet again your Louie,
There no more to say farewell.

You will meet again your loved one,
He is not lost, but gone before;
He is waiting now on the shining slope
Of heaven's eternal shore.

J. W. D.

For the FREE TRADER.

On Farmers' Institutes.

BY A. W. G.

I have often thought, Mr. Editor, that I would like to attend some of our farmers' meetings, and to be present at some of those associations, alliances and institutes, that are so highly spoken of in our agricultural journals, not from any desire, however, to take part in their discussions, but for the purpose of sitting at the feet of distinguished statesmen, warriors, and scholars,—but for various reasons I have been unable to attend any of them.

When I saw a notice in the FREE TRADER, several weeks ago, that a Farmers' Institute would be organized in Ottawa on a certain day, under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture, I felt that "my time had come"—that "now was the day and now the hour," for me to strike in; that I would not allow this opportunity to pass without improvement, and resolved to be present at all hazards.

I came into town on the day appointed, feeling happy and self-satisfied. I was anxious to know "of what stuff," these Farmers' Institutes were made, who composed them, how they were conducted, and what was their general aim and intention; whether they were similar to our Teachers' Institutes, where distinguished educators are invited to do all the talking and the demure school-mams are expected to keep mum, and to speak only when spoken to—when they are called upon to answer difficult questions and to solve difficult problems; or whether they are like an old-fashioned class meeting, where any old farmer, be he learned or unlearned, has a right to get up in his turn, or when called upon, and give his experience, to say how he felt on some matters, and what he thought on others; how he planted his corn, or sowed his wheat, or how he fed and watered his stock; and to state from actual knowledge and experience, which breed of sheep, cattle and horses he liked the best, and other similar questions, if not too threadbare, that would naturally come up in a farmers' meeting.

I say I came to town feeling happy and with good intentions. I made diligent inquiry of every one I met where the institute was to be held, at what hour and in what room. No one seemed to know, no one seemed to care. Not a farmer, nor a butcher, not a stock raiser had ever heard of the meeting, nor seen the notice in the paper. I was at a loss. At last I met a FREE TRADER man, the well known and ubiquitous Mr. Beemus. I thought surely *he* would know, but he knew nothing at all about it, either, and thought that I must have read the notice wrong; that it was posted for some other town than Ottawa, and I thought so, too, as my life, for the most part, had been made up of blunders. I gave up the search. But to my sad disappointment and utter disgust, I read during the following week an article in the *Republican* to the effect that the bottom of the Farmers' Institute had fallen out, because the distinguished speakers that were expected did not put in an appearance. It was played out and adjourned to meet at Morris and Joliet, all for the lack of distinguished speakers. Indeed, why should distinguished speakers be necessary? Why could not a delegation from the State Board of Agriculture have organized the Institute and set it in motion, given it a constitution and by-laws, without the aid of any speeches than those necessary to effect an organization? Speech-making seems to be the bane of all our American institutions. It is generally thought necessary that all our public meetings, whether for business or pleasure, or for mutual improvement, should be opened with a speech and a flourish, whether the speaker knows what he is talking about or not. It must have been a rare treat to the intelligent and scientific members of the Forestry Association, that met at Springfield last year, to have had their time taken up in listening to the opening speech of Gov. Oglesby, in which the good natured and honest old Governor was free to confess that he never planted a tree in his life, scarcely knew one tree from another, and in his boyhood, had never climbed a honey-locust tree in search of a bird's nest. And I have no doubt that it was equally as interesting to the Tile Makers' Association, that met last week, when he told them that he never dug a ditch in his life, never laid a foot of tile, knew nothing of their manufacture, that tile making and tile drainage was not one of the tricks of his youth; and that he was too old now to enter upon new experiments.

Farmers' Institutes are highly recommended as schools of learning, the teachers in which are experts in the several departments of agriculture; and an equal to a high school, or any other college" to any young man who may wish to take his A. M. (master of agriculture) in farming.

It has been my choice, Mr. Editor, to live for the past thirty years of my life upon a farm, away from the "maddening crowd" of city life; and I have enjoyed it. My associations have been with plain, practical, and common sense farmers, men of intelligence who are well informed on all subjects of general interest. None of them claim to be great statesmen, or soldiers, or scholars. I do not know of a single general, or colonel, or major, or captain in our town; nor a doctor, either of law, physics or theology; nor professor, (that is a farmer), nor superintendent of schools, nor president of a college, nor judge of a court, and but one Honorable, and he is a venerable old farmer, and a few politicians.

I have read the programs of the Farmers' Institutes, and find that the speakers are men somewhat distinguished in the higher walks of life; and for this reason, would like to see a Farmers' Institute organized in our county in order that we might occasionally have the pleasure of hearing speeches upon agricultural subjects by men who are presumed to know more than the average farmer,—who have raised themselves above the common place. I have read the proceedings of many of our associations, alliances and institutes, and the wonder to me has been where all these generals, colonels, captains, honorables, judges, professors, and other civil and military characters come from, for we have none in the town in which I live, and the same may probably be said of many of the other towns in our county. I have heard distinguished temperance lecturers, politicians, statesmen and preachers, and lectures upon the various arts and sciences by men who were learned in their several callings, but never yet a distinguished agriculturist. I did not have the pleasure of hearing the celebrated Horace Greely, when he went the rounds of the State and county fairs, some years ago, telling the people "what he knew about farming;" nor Grant, nor Hayes, nor Garfield. It was my own fault that I have never heard any of our distinguished agricultural orators, and the same may be said of many another hard-fisted old farmer, who does not wish to lose the time or incur the expense of going abroad to hear them, but would be glad to do so if brought nearer home. We ought, by all means, to have an institute in our county. The citizens of Ottawa are as fond of hearing distinguished men talk, as well as the farmers. They should encourage the institute. The Business Men's Association should take an interest in it. If they wish to get up a boom for the manufacturer, they should not ignore the raw material—the farmer.

I would like to hear Gov. Oglesby on arboriculture, telling us how to plant trees, and how to arrange them so as to beautify our lawns, and embellish our home streets. I would like to hear Hon. Pat. Muphy on the potato and the potato bug; Gen. Carl Schurz on the cabbage and the cabbage worm, and the proper mode of making sauer kraut; Hon. Ben. Butler on the cultivation and different varieties of beans, and how the Boston people cultivate and plant the baked beans, and whether they would grow upon our prairie soils. I would like to hear Hon. Columbus Delano on the subject of wool growing, in which he might explain why there is "always a black sheep in every flock." I would like to see a Professor of our Agricultural (?) University give an analysis of milk and tell us (dairymen) how much water it will bear in order to sell it for the genuine. I would like to hear our State Entomologist "on the chinch bug," their habits, growth and wonderful increase, and how to get rid of them; and he might incidentally remark that the average Ottawa lawyer would make a more lively speech before a convention of farmers, with his head full of the eggs of the chinch bug, than with the conventional grass seed; they would likely begin to sprout before he would get warmed up to his subject.

And I might mention a number of other agricultural topics that might be discussed by some of our expert generals, colonels, honorables, doctors, professors and judges, to the edification and instruction of the common farmer.

Farmers' Institutes ought to be, and I have no doubt are intended to be, not only entertaining, but instructive to the practical farmer. They teach him not only his duties as an agriculturist, but as a citizen; not only how to sow and how to reap, but to pray and how to vote. And it seems to me that after the distinguished speakers have finished and retired, a general discussion might be entered into; not upon specialties, but upon a subject that would be interesting to all.

They might be conducted somewhat after the manner of country dances we used to have down in Dixie, years ago, "befo' de wa'." After becoming tired with the round and square dances, and it was time to go home, we used to wind up with the Virginia Reel, perhaps to the tune of "Rozin de Bow," "Coony in de Holler," "Sugar in de Gourd," "Zip Coon," or some other enlivening tune that put "life and mettle in our heels." It was a winding up in which all were expected to take a part; the wall flower as well as the violet and the rose; the bashful young man as well as the impudent and the bold.

And so it might be with a Farmers' Institute. After becoming surfeited with the horse, the ox, the hog, and all "wool-growing" and "fur-bearing" animals, and the "feathered tribes," a general discussion of the tariff in all its shapes and dimensions, whether triangular, quadrangular, pentagonal, or otherwise, might be taken up and discussed *ad infinitum*, and it is a subject that all farmers—not engaged in manufactures and politics—should be deeply interested in.

Evils of Exorbitant Tariff.

Among the injustices and evils of the protective tariff are class legislation and that what it takes from the many it gives to few. It robs many Peters to pay Paul what was never due. It leads to evil competition, to congestion, strikes, lockouts, monopoly trusts, pools and combinations, and artificially ensnares capital and labor in a minimum of productive efforts and results.

Ocean freights began to rise about four months ago, principally upon the short distance voyages about Great Britain. English ports which at the opening of the year had 100 or 200 steamers lying idle were suddenly emptied, and all the tonnage in existence found employment. The ship yards had been so overtaxed by the demand for new steamers that ship-builders are charging 35 per cent more for new vessels than three months ago. Activity in much the same line has added enormously to rolling stock in the United States, 14,000 freight cars having been built in 1887, and the Pennsylvania railroad having added to its cars through a large part of the year at the rate of one an hour. This great increase in the freight of the world, on land and sea, is a mark quite as much of enlarged demand as of growing production, and it suggests the possibility that the causes which have so long been reducing prices are nearing their end.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

PARKER MORSE.

The apostle of anti-slavery in Woodford county was Parker Morse, who died in 1878. What he saw in connection with the Underground Railroad we give as we obtained it from his own lips a short time before his death, at his home near Washburn, in Marshall county.

"About 1839," said Mr. Morse, "I saw a negro slave, (who had just been captured by his master,) chained by the wrists and legs, as he was being driven past my place. The sight made my blood boil, and from that moment I determined to be an active worker in the cause of freeing the negro. Not long after that Deacon Morse, of Mt. Hope, McLean county, a man of my name but not a relative, called at my house and laid before me the outlines of a prospective method of helping escaping negro slaves on their way to Canada. The plan—that which was afterwards employed of entertaining them in the houses of their friends, scattered along on general lines, at distances of from fifteen to thirty miles apart from the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to Chicago, and of each station keeper obligating himself to carry the fugitives on to the next stopping place—seemed at once so feasible and philanthropic that I had no hesitancy in enlisting in the scheme. This plan was speedily put into active operation, and, so far as I knew, this was the origin of the 'underground railroad' in Illinois, or in the Union, for that matter. After dinner, the Deacon and I went to Mr. Jehu Lewis's, in Magnolia, and on the road 'stuck the stakes for a track.' Mr. Lewis went to Lowell, in La Salle county, where he established a station, and soon after stopping places were fixed at intervals to Chicago, and thence to Canada. To the south of my place there were two or three lines; one through Bloomington to Springfield, and another to Delavan, and Washington, Tazewell Co., and a branch line ran up the Illinois river. A runaway slave, on striking the soil of this State anywhere along the big river south or west, was rapidly taken from station to station, neighborhood to neighborhood, and was soon safe beyond pursuit."

A NIGGER ON THE WOOD-PILE.

Deacon Nathaniel Smith, of Lawn Ridge, was one of the most efficient workers along the line. He was a God-fearing blacksmith, and a member of the church militant, who could strike sturdy blows in debate and back his views up, if need be, with sledge hammer accompaniments in defense of what he thought was right. He assisted many slaves on the road to freedom, and was always ready to turn out day or night with his team for such purpose.

Some of his colored friends were rather closely pursued, and "Deacon Smith," as he was called, was often put to extremities to save them from their late masters. Once he concealed an escaped darkey under a brush pile for three days while the owner was staying in the village, and suspected Smith and watched him with such vigilance that the negro came near starving before his master gave up the hunt there and went further on. On one occasion a slave-hunter caught sight of his runaway in the woods, near Smith's premises, and jumped over a log by the side of which the colored man had hidden, clearing the log, negro and all, without seeing his prey and never found him. The slave had made his way from New Orleans and was worth $1,000. A woman came along who was almost nine-tenths white, if so accurate a distinction could be made. She was owned by Rev. Mr. Eli, of Baltimore. She had been for several years stewardess of a popular steamboat on the Potomac, and her Reverend owner regularly drew her salary, which was large, as she was uncommonly well qualified for the position she filled, and a woman of excellent judgment and much natural dignity of manner. As Mr. Eli had allowed her plenty of decent clothing, and her position was one of independence and trust, she having other servants to obey her commands, she had never found slavery irksome; but, learning that her pious owner had of late acquired some conscientious scruples about his right to keep slaves and to ease his mind was about to *sell* her, she concluded to escape. She brought abundant proof to substantiate her story, and had money enough to have paid her way on any first-class public means of travel to Canada, but to have gone that way would have insured her capture; she had wisely chosen the general colored railway line. Her husband, who had assisted her in getting away from the boat, and who had previously become a free man, was arrested for helping her off and confined for several years in a Maryland penitentiary! She got safely to Canada.

A young colored man had been brought to Lawn Ridge from Farmington, and, on seeing two strangers approaching on horseback, Smith hid the negro under a wagon-box turned up side down. The horsemen proved to be the owner and an assistant, who had come up, and the master sat upon the box and discussed their future plans, among which was to skin Sam alive when they caught him. Sam, under the box, was not specially edified by this conversation. The master asked Smith "if he was sure no runaway nigger was about?" Whereupon he told them to "search the house, as he didn't know but there might be one or two." While the Southerner and his aid were peering under the beds, Smith lifted up one edge of the box and Sam "slid out" and made good his escape.

Smith's house became noted as a harbor of fugitives from slavery, and he was once honored with a column notice in the St. Louis *Republican*, to which he replied in a vindication of equal length!

Once Smith happened to be traveling in a stage coach which was full of passengers, and among them a slave-owner in pursuit of missing fugitive property. He had never seen Smith, and having read the *Republican's* denunciation of that terrible abolitionist, followed in the same strain by denouncing Smith as "an enemy to all morality and decency, a lawless wretch who made a business of nigger stealing, and who should, who *must*, be speedily arrested and hanged to the first convenient tree." Imagine the fire-eater's surprise when a hard knuckled fist, attached to a brawny arm, owned by a strong man with an eagle eye, was flourished in uncomfortable proximity to the said fire-eater's nose, and a determined voice announced: "I am Smith; now proceed with your hanging!" The Southern gentleman spoke not another word, and his seat was vacated at the first stopping place!

CAUCASIAN BLOODED SLAVES.

Mr. Morse was of opinion that nearly all—not less than eight out of every ten of the fugitive slaves who passed his place—had more or less white blood in their veins. And it was due to their Caucasian spirit that they flew from slavery to freedom. Among the many runaways who partook of his hospitality he remembered an unusually intelligent girl who had pure blue eyes, thin and evenly formed features, a straight nose, and auburn hair, which fell in ringlets down her back, not kinky or wavy, but in natural curls. Her feet were small and neatly formed, her voice was clear, and her pronounciation excellent. There was nothing in her appearance or movements or conversation to indicate African blood, yet she had been born and raised a slave!

At another time two sisters came to his house who seemed the perfection of feminine grace and beauty. Their lips were thin, their skin fair, their cheeks bloomed with nature's roses, their hair in long ringlets of a light brown, their feet small and without the African heel, their noses of the Grecian mold, without flaring nostils and eyes of a tender blue. Their deportment was modest and lady-like, and they were slaves! They and their parents belonged to an aristocratic Southern family. Their parents were white, and only by their grandmother had been related to negro blood; and she was nearly white. Their owner, by a sudden reverse of fortune, had become bankrupt, and the girls were about to be sold by law as other goods and chattels, to satisfy the creditors of the estate. They had wisely chosen freedom, by the advice of their late master, who had aided them secretly in getting away.

Another case was that of a beautiful little girl who came alone one evening. She was so fair in complexion and so purely Caucasian in form and features that it was impossible to believe her to be of negro blood, even in the faintest degree. She was so lovely in her disposition and so neat and graceful and intelligent that Mrs. Morse was solely tempted to keep and educate her; but to create an attachment which might be rudely and cruelly broken at any time and without a moment's warning turned the scale, and tearfully she let the little one go away with a devout prayer for her future happiness.

THE PEORIA STATION.

Moses Pettingell, of Peoria, lately deceased, was another noted philanthropist, and kept an often patronized station on the great colored railway from slavery to freedom, and was also a very religious man, as the writer remembers with awe, for, once, when at his beautiful home in Peoria, at dinner, when all were seated, without a moment's warning he turned to us and said: "Mr. Armstrong, please ask the blessing!" We thought of the multiplication table, and "Now I lay me down to sleep," and "Hail Columbia," and a good many like quotations, but could only stammer our excuse, when the good man of the house tackled the subject and went at it with a comprehensiveness and eloquence which we have never heard before or since! But afterwards, in his library, when we explained our perplexity, he good-humoredly forgave us, and gave us an excellent account of the "underground railway" as follows:

"To commence with: many years ago I was appealed to by a Mr. Brown, living across the Illinois river southeast of Peoria, to assist him in getting two colored men and a woman and some children across the river on their way to freedom. He had started with them the night before, but was turned back at the Peoria bridge, with threats of being shot if he persisted. A friend of Brown's, in whom he could confide, ran a small skiff upon the river for fishing purposes, and he had agreed to row the party over. Handbills were posted all over the city, accurately describing these same colored people, and offering a large reward for their recovery. I at once agreed to assist Brown in his plans. I was to meet Brown's friend with another skiff, across the river at the place where he was to get the negroes, at ten o'clock that night. I engaged two trusty young men to help us, and the scheme succeeded perfectly. Mrs. Pettingill gave the runaways a good supper, and before daylight next morning they were all safely at Lawn Ridge. At the same time there were a dozen men, and one of them my nearest neighbor, watching to catch them for the reward! One of these negroes, the husband of the woman and father of the children of this party, had been owned by a Christian widow, at St. Louis, from whom he rented his services, paying her $200 per year therefor. What he made by labor around that city above that sum went to supply himself and family. Hard times came and he found he could not support himself and pay his mistress, so he determined to take his family and seek his freedom. To get safely out of the city was the difficulty. To accomplish this he bargained with a close-fisted farmer living near Jerseyville, Ill., to convey himself and family, boxed up as merchandise, to near Peoria, for the sum of *fifty* dollars, every cent he had! He was put into one box and the woman and children in another. And thus they were driven over rough, broken road, incapable of changing their cramped positions, or uttering a word, or getting a breath of fresh air, where they remained all day and a part of one night while going a distance of fifty-two miles!

OTTAWA POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

	CLOSES.	ARRIVES.
C., R. I. & P. R. R.		
Eastern mail	11:00 A. M.	3:17 P. M.
Western mail	2:45 P. M.	11:20 A. M.
Night mail	8:00 P. M.	
C., B. & Q. R. R.		
Southern mail	11:30 A. M.	3:36 P. M.
Northern mail	3:00 P. M.	12:02 A. M.
Streator special	7:30 P. M.	7:28 A. M.

DEER PARK, VERMILLIONVILLE, LOWELL AND TONICA,

Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, 1:00 P. M. 12:00 M.
Office open at 7:00 A. M. Closes at 7:00 P. M.
Office open Sundays from 12 to 1 o'clock.

WM. OSMAN, P. M.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R.

TIME TABLE.

April 1st, 1887.

AURORA AND STREATOR BRANCH.

Going South. Pass. No. 83 Ex Sun	Pass. No. 81 Ex Sun	Dist. from Aurora.	STATIONS.	Dist. betw. Stations.	Going North. Pass. No. 80 Ex Sun	Pass. No. 82 Ex Sun
P.M. LV	A.M. LV				A.M. AR	P.M. AR
4.50	8.45		...Chicago...		10.30	6.50
6.12	10.23		....Aurora....		9.12	5.22
6.17	10.28	1	South Aurora.	1	9.07	5.17
6.23	10.33	3¾	Fox Riv Junc	2¾	9.02	5.12
6.30	10.39	6¾	...Oswego....	3	8.54	5.05
6.40	10.53	12¾	..Yorkville...	6¾	8.42	4.52
6.46	11.00	15¾	....Fox.....	3	8.34	4.45
6.54	11.06	19	...Millbrook..	3¾	8.26	4.38
7.03	11.13	22¾	..Millington..	3¾	8.18	4.30
7.12	11.23	27¾	...Sheridan...	5	8.08	4.19
7.22	11.33	32	....Serena....	4¼	7.58	4.08
7.26	11.37	34	....Blakes....	2	7.54	4.04
7.30	11.42	35¾	....Wedron....	1¾	7.50	4.00
7.37	11.50	39¼	....Dayton....	4	7.42	3.50
		43¾	C.R.I.&P.C'r'g	3¾		
7.50	12.02	44	**OTTAWA**	¼	7.28	3.35
		44¾	Ottawa Spr'gs	¾		
		46¼	..Side Track..	1¾		
8.10	12.24	52¾	.Grand Ridge.	6¾	7.06	3.15
8.15	12.33	56	...Richards...	3¾	7.50	3.07
8.30	12.45	60¾	...Streator...	4¾	6.50	3.00
P.M. AR	P.M. AR				A.M. LV	P.M. LV

Freight trains carrying passengers leave Ottawa as follows: For Paw Paw and Earl, 4.20 P.M.; for Streator, 5.05 A.M., 5.05 P.M., and 10.00 A.M.; for Aurora, 10.00 A.M.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, C. B. & Q. Drawing Room Cars, Horton's Reclining Chair Cars, and the C. B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars, by this route. All information about rates of fare, sleeping car accommodations and time tables will be cheerfully given by applying to

PAUL MORTON
General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

H. B. STONE, General Manager Chicago. GEO. E. ROE, Agent at Ottawa.

Illinois Central Railroad.

GOING NORTH, FROM LA SALLE.

Passenger	4:27 A. M.
Passenger	11:42 A. M.
Accommodation	2:58 P. M.
Freight	12:25 A. M.
Freight	3:17 A. M.
Freight	4:00 P. M.

GOING SOUTH, FROM LA SALLE.

Passenger	5:44 A. M.
Passenger	1:05 P. M.
Freight	12:30 A. M.
Freight	9:40 A. M.
Freight (goes no further)	10:45 P. M.

S. P. MOORE, Ticket Agent. W. L. LIGHTHART., Freight Agent.

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad

On and after May 9, 1886, trains on the C. & A. R. R. pass Joliet as follows:

GOING NORTH.	
K. C. and St. L. Express	5.15 A M
Lightning Express	5.50 A M
Joliet Accommodation	7.45 A M
Denver Express	12.20 P M
Express Mail	5.30 P M
GOING SOUTH.	
Express Mail	10.15 A M
Denver Express	2.00 P M
Joliet Accommodation	6.35 P M
Lightning Express	10.25 P M
K. C. and St. L. Express	12.47 A M

Lightning Express, Denver Express, and Kansas City and St. Louis Express trains run daily; Express Mail and Joliet Accommodation run daily, except Sunday. Kansas City and St. Louis Express going south runs through without change of cars. Morning train to St. Louis has free chair cars, and evening train through sleepers to St. Louis and Springfield.

JAY W. ADAMS,
Ticket Agent C. & A. Railroad.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.

NEW TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.	
No. 6, Kansas City Night Express	2.55 A M
" 4, Omaha & St. Paul Express	3.15 A M
" 14, Omaha Limited Express	5.22 A M
" 10, Peru Accommodation	7.02 A M
" 12, Kansas City Express	8.20 A M
" 2, Omaha, St. Paul & Peoria Exp. & Mail	11.28 A M
" 8, Oskaloosa and Chicago Accom	3.55 P M
Freight Carrying Passengers.	
" 28,	7.02 A M
" 30,	5.35 P M
" 26,	12.00 P M
GOING WEST.	
No. 3, Omaha & St. Paul Night Express	1.32 A M
" 5, Kansas City and Peoria Night Express	2.02 A M
" 7, Chicago and Oskaloosa Accom	11.35 A M
" 1, Omaha, St. Paul & Peoria Exp. & Mail	3.17 P M
" 11, Kansas City Express	7.27 P M
" 9, Peru Accommodation	8.16 P M
" 13, Omaha Limited Express	10.07 P M
Freights Carrying Passengers.	
" 29,	10.45 A M
" 23,	2.15 P M

Nos. 9 and 10 arrive in Chicago at 10 A. M. and leave Chicago at 5 P. M. daily (Sunday excepted).
No. 26 carries passengers from Geneseo to Ottawa.
No. 29 carries passengers between Joliet and La Salle, and No. 30 between La Salle and Joliet.
Nos. 23 and 28 carry passengers between Blue Island and La Salle.

E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass Agt. R. R. CABLE, Gen'l Manager. R. F. PRETTYMAN Agent at Ottawa